

Radiographs

See South Bend By Bus—Hear It By Radio!

While seeing South Bend by auto bus taken to it by radio!

That is a possible result of the rapid progress radio has been making in the last year or so.

In fact, it has already been tried out in New York. There, a radio set was installed on one of Fifth avenue's motor buses. In the picture, Miss Alice Walsh and Miss May Conklin are seen listening in on a local radio concert while they are enjoying the sights of New York.

No bother about antennas. The roof of the bus is of metal and that makes a good aerial. The receiving set is grounded to the chassis.

If that can be done in New York, why not in South Bend?



Licensing of Operators Insures Safety of Ships at Sea

By PAUL F. GODLEY,
America's Foremost Radio Authority

With the great emphasis on broadcasting and radio telephony, one should not forget that the most important use of wireless lies in ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore communication.

The fate of a vessel in distress may easily hinge upon the familiarity of the radio operator with his equipment and his ability to use it to the greatest advantage.

All passenger-carrying vessels which navigate at a distance from land are required by law to carry radio apparatus. The number of operators carried depends upon the number of passengers and the distances covered. But in all cases, operators are required, both here and in foreign lands, to pass rigid examinations before receiving their licenses.

Emergencies.

These examinations are given not only with a view to determining the speed at which an operator can converse by means of the telegraphic code but also to find out how he would act in an emergency. Tests are given to determine if the applicant is well enough grounded in the principles which govern the action of the radio transmitter to make the necessary repairs when in trouble.

Great ingenuity is often required to rig up an emergency set to send out an S. O. S. after flooded engine rooms have put out the fire and cut off the current.

Operators working in land stations

are also licensed. Even the amateurs and those who operate broadcasting stations must pass an examination, or under certain conditions, amateur and broadcasting stations may interfere with the distress signals of a ship at sea. When this occurs, the high-powered, commercial or government stations in the vicinity of the interfering station ask him in the Morse code to stop sending.

On Guard.

All station operators must be able to understand the request to stop sending.

Broadcasting stations are required to suspend their programs not less than once every 15 minutes in order that the operators on duty may have a listen "On the air."

Even the semi-high-power stations which transmit weather reports, time signals and current news for ships at sea, suspend their transmission for three minutes every 15 minutes.

This enables the operators who may be listening to them to retune their instruments to the transmitting wave of ships to listen for possible distress signals.

RADIO PRIMER

CLOSED CORE TRANSFORMER—A transformer in which the path of the magnetic flux is entirely through metal. It is one of the kinds used most frequently in radio work.

"Yes, Mark Ablett lives here. Robert is his brother." He stuttered, and said, "I was afraid it was Mark."

"Was Mark in the room too?"

"Yes," said Cayley absently. "Anthony had gone to the locked door, and was turning the handle. 'I suppose he put the key in his pocket,' he said, as he came back to the body again."

"Who?"

"Whoever did this," he said, pointing to the man on the floor. "Is he dead?"

"Help me," said Cayley simply. They turned the body on to its back, leaving themselves to look at it. Robert Ablett had been shot between the eyes.

"Did you know him well?" said Anthony quietly. He meant, "Were you fond of him?"

Hardly at all, Mark is the brother I know best. He hesitated, and then said, "Perhaps I'd better get some water."

There was another door opposite to the locked one, which led, as Anthony was to discover for himself directly, into a passage from which opened two more rooms. Cayley stepped into the passage, and opened the door on the right. The door from the office, through which he had gone, remained open. The door at the end of the short passage was shut. Anthony, kneeling by the body, followed Cayley with his eyes, and after he had disappeared, kept his eyes on the blank wall of the passage, but he was not conscious of that at which he was looking, for his mind was with the other man, sympathizing with him.

Cayley came into the room again, murmured something, and knelt down to bathe the dead man's face. Then he placed the handkerchief over it.

"They stood up and looked at each other."

"If I can be of any help to you," said Anthony, "please let me."

"That's very kind of you. There will be things to do. But you mustn't let me trespass on your kindness."

"I came to see Beverly. He is an old friend of mine."

"He's out playing golf. He will be back directly."

"I will stay if I can be of any help."

"Please do. You see, there are women." He hesitated, and gave Anthony a timid little smile, pathetic in so big and self-reliant a man. "Just your moral support, you know."

"Of course," Anthony smiled back at him, and said cheerfully, "Well, then, I'll begin by suggesting that you should ring up the police."

"The police? Yes—yes." He looked doubtfully at the other. "I suppose—"

Anthony spoke frankly. "Now, look here, Mr—er—"

"Cayley, I'm Mark Ablett's cousin. I live with him."

"My name's Gillingham. I'm sorry, I ought to have told you before. Well now, Mr. Cayley, we shan't do any good by pretending. Here's a man, been shot—well, somebody shot him."

Cayley shrugged his shoulders and went to the telephone.

"May I—er—look round a bit?" Anthony nodded toward the open door.

"Oh, do. Yes." He sat down and drew the telephone toward him. "You must allowances for me, Mr. Gillingham. Of course, you're quite right, and I'm merely being stupid." He took off the receiver. Let us suppose that, for the purpose of making a first acquaintance with this 'office,' we are coming 'THANK GOD!' HE MUTTERED, AND LET THE BODY GO AGAIN.

into it from the hall, through the door which is now locked. As we stand just inside the door, the length of the room runs right and left. Across the breadth of the room (some fifteen feet), is that other door, by which Cayley went out and returned a few minutes ago. In the right-hand wall, thirty feet away from us, are the French windows. Crossing the room and going out by the opposite door, we come into a passage, from which two rooms lead.

The one on the right, into which Cayley went, is less than half the length of the office, a small, square room, which has evidently been used some time or other as a bedroom. The window faces the same way as the French windows in the next room.

The room on the other side of the bedroom is a bathroom. The three rooms together, in fact, form a sort of private suite.

Anthony wandered into the bedroom. The window was open, and he looked out at the peaceful stretch of park.

"Cayley thinks he did it," said Anthony to himself. "That's obvious. It explains why he wasted so much time hanging on the door. Why should he try to break a lock when it's so much easier to break a window? Of course, he might just have lost his head; on the other hand, he might have wanted to give his cousin a chance of getting away. Why did we run all the way round the house in order to get to the windows?"

There was a step in the passage outside, and he turned round, to see Cayley in the doorway. He remained looking at him for a moment, asking himself a question. It was rather a curious question. He was asking himself why the door was open.

Well, not exactly why the door was open; that could be explained easily enough. But why had he expected the door to be shut. He did not remember shutting it, but somehow he was surprised to see it open now, to see Cayley through the doorway, just coming into the room. Something working sub-consciously

in his brain had told him that it was surprising. Why?

Cayley joined him at the window. "I've telephoned," he said. "They're sending an inspector or some one from Middleton, and the local police and doctor from Stanton."

Anthony felt quite sure from what Cayley had said and had hesitated to say, that Mark had been the last to see his brother alive. It didn't follow that Mark Ablett was a murderer. Revolvers go off accidentally; and when they have gone off, people lose their heads and run away, fearing that their story will not be believed. Nevertheless, when people run away, whether innocently or guiltily, one can't help wondering which way they went.

"I suppose this way," said Anthony aloud, looking out of the window. "I wonder."

"Well, he didn't go by the windows in the next room, because they were shut."

"Isn't that rather odd?"

"Well, I thought so at first, but—"

He pointed to the wall jutting out on the right. "You see, you're protected from the rest of the house if you get out here. If you go out at the French windows, I imagine you're much more visible."

Cayley looked at him thoughtfully.

"It seems to me, Mr. Gillingham, that you know the house pretty well, considering that this is the first time you've been to it."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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Extra Heavy Tread

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

by A. A. MILNE

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

The prospective visit of a never-do-well brother, who had been absent for fifteen years in Australia, was a far from pleasing prospect to MARK ABLETT, bachelor proprietor of The Red House. Mark and his constant companion, MATT CAYLEY, remained in The Red House awaiting the arrival of the brother.

ROBERT, while the house-party guests were away playing golf. When Robert appeared, the parlor-maid, startled by his rough appearance, ushered him into Mark's office and went to inform her master. Mark was not in the garden and when the maid returned to the house she heard the report of a revolver and then the sound of Cayley pounding on the locked office door and demanding admittance.

This was the state of affairs when ANTHONY GILLINGHAM, a youthful gentleman adventurer, arrived. **GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER III**

Cayley looked round suddenly at the voice.

"Can I help?" said Anthony politely.

"Something's happened," said Cayley. He was breathing quickly. "I heard a shot. I was in the library. A loud bang. And the door's locked." He rattled the handle again, and shook it. "Open the door!" he cried. "I say, Mark, what is it? Open the door!"

"But he must have locked the door on purpose," said Anthony. "So why should he open it just because you ask him to?"

Cayley turned to the door again. "We must break it in," he said, putting his shoulder to it.

"Isn't there a window?"

"Window? Window?"

"So much easier to break in a window," said Anthony with a smile. He looked very cool and collected, as he stood just inside the hall, leaning on his stick.

"Window—of course! What an idiot I am."

He pushed past Anthony, and began running out into the drive. Anthony followed him. They ran along the front of the house, down a path to the left, and then to the left again over the grass. Cayley in front, the other close behind him. Suddenly Cayley looked over his shoulder and pulled up short.

"Here," he said.

They had come to the windows of the locked room. French windows which opened on to the lawn at the back of the house. But now they were closed. Anthony couldn't help feeling a thrill of excitement as he followed Cayley's example, and put his face close up to the glass. But if there had been one shot, why should there not be two more—at the careless fools who were pressing their noses against the panes, and asking for it.

"My God, can you see it?" said Cayley in a shaking voice.

The next moment Anthony saw it. A man lying on the floor at the far end of the room, his back toward them.

"Who is it?" said Anthony.



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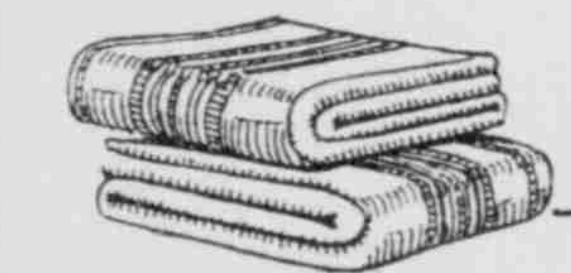
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Baby Plates, high rolled rim, decorated white ware, special at49c

Round Aluminum Roasters, \$1.00 values, Thursday only, special69c

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Fish Globes—1 gal. size, special45c

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